

KING GUEST OF AMERICAN

Daughter of Late Marshall Field Will
Entertain His Majesty.

HON. "JOHNNY" WARD FAVORITE

King Edward Refuses to Let Him
Resign Place in Royal Household—Leopold's Daughter
on Visit.

LONDON, Sept. 26.—(Special.)—Directly the king arrives in Scotland he has promised to spend the day with Captain and Mrs. Beatty at Invercauld. Although comparatively small mansion, Invercauld fetches the largest rent of any house in Scotland, owing to its proximity to Balmoral. From the view is matchless and the shooting is far better than on the royal preserves, as since it has been leased by Captain David Beatty and his American wife last year they have lavished a fortune on the preserves. The flat has gone forth that no shooting is to take place at Invercauld until the arrival of the king, the host and hostess desiring each season that he should have the privilege of firing the first shot. On these occasions the king and any guests he may have staying with him at the castle walk across directly after breakfast. The party is met by the "gun" from Invercauld and shooting is engaged in until luncheon. This is a particularly sumptuous repast, at which Mrs. Beatty manages to introduce a surprise dish for King Edward. Last year her treat was "grilled toad," an item which is practically never served in these islands. It is a delicacy much beloved by the king, who favors it when he is staying at Balmoral, where by all accounts it is served to perfection. Mrs. Beatty sent a special messenger abroad for this fish which arrived carefully packed in ice on the morning his majesty was expected. There is a special white wine which is drunk with this delicacy and which can only be procured in Austria. This, too, was obtained by his majesty's thoughtful hostess on the last occasion of King Edward's visit to her.

New York Girl to Wed.

When Miss Mary Hasell, daughter of Mrs. Lewis Granger Hasell of New York arrives here as the bride of George Borwick, son of Sir George Borwick, she will find in readiness for her one of the finest houses in Berkeley Square. It is now in the hands of the decorators. According to present arrangements the wedding is fixed for December and the Borwick family, including the bridegroom's parents, Sir Robert and Lady Borwick, are going over for it. The Borwicks are a very well-to-do family and move with the best set, so the bride elect will have a very big position socially. Mr. George Borwick has political aspirations and his friends believe there is a future for him. With an American wife to help him no doubt his road will be made easy. He is a fine shot and has done a great deal of big game shooting.

There was an idea that "Johnny" Ward would resign his post in the royal household on his marriage to the daughter of the American ambassador. But his majesty would not hear of it. "You are indispensable to me," said the king. "I have allowed you to take the longest honeymoon on record and now I expect you to attend to me. I have mislaid you more than I can tell."

The Dudley family, from the beautiful Georgia downwards, have all been first favorites with the king and queen and the Hon. Johnny who has the best spirits and, like the Marquis de Sover, is a first hand at telling a story is a very special friend of the king, who before all things delights in the company of lively entertaining people—indeed, of late he will have no others around him. When recently asked how it was he managed to keep so youthful, Edward replied, "The secret is to surround yourself with a younger generation than your own and to live up to it."

Mrs. Ward One of King's Guests.
The Hon. Mrs. Ward is not, in her heart of hearts, at all pleased with the idea of her husband having to be at the beck and call of the king, but she is making the best of it. She is fully aware that her husband knows more of the king's inner life and "state secrets" than any other man in the present day and in the circumstances there is nothing to do but to accept the inevitable. She is to be one of the king's guests when the court goes to Balmoral, a very great distinction, as at the king's house parties in Scotland only his most intimate friends are invited.

THAMES BOATS TO BE SOLD

Socialist Scheme of London County
Council to Be Tried as Private
Enterprise.

LONDON, Sept. 26.—(Special.)—After several months of fruitless search, the London county council has at last discovered someone who has promised to buy its thirty passenger steamboats which for eighteen months piled up and down the Thames. Londoners used them so seldom and the management was so bad that there had been a constantly growing deficit, and the service was finally stopped and the boats laid up to rot in the Surrey Commercial docks. Now, should the present promising negotiations go through without a hitch, the service will be resumed under private and, probably, more competent management.

The present intention is to sell the boats to the new company for about \$10,000 apiece. The London taxpayers, less than two years ago, paid something like \$35,000 apiece for the boats, and they are not viewing with equanimity the loss of almost \$25,000 represented by the difference in the purchase price. But the boats in their condition are fast falling into decay and it would not be long before they would be fit for little better than the scrapheap. Less than a month ago the council was compelled to spend a considerable sum in scraping, overhauling and renovating them to a possible purchase price of \$35,000 apiece.

The Thames service steamers was one of the pet schemes of the progressives, the majority of whom have given evidence of decided socialist leanings. The failure of the steamers to pay their way and the enormous loss to the taxpayers was one of the reasons for the downfall of the party at the last local election and one of the first actions of the moderates upon coming into power was to call off the service. The progressives have always insisted that in the course of time the service, as it became better known, would develop into a money-maker or at least pay its own way, but their opponents are not taking any chances.

PEASANTS ARE EASY VICTIMS

Their Amazing Gullibility Leads to
Many Queer Things.

KEY TO MYSTERY OF RUSSIA

Commercial Traveler Upsets Com-
munity with Yarn About Free
Vodka—Crime Committed
for Pardon.

MOSCOW, Sept. 26.—(Special.)—Nothing could illustrate more significantly the hopeless credulity and gullibility of a large proportion of the czar's "backwoods" subjects—40 per cent of whom can neither read nor write—than a handful of tales, some amusing and some of grimmest tragedy, that have lately come to the writer's notice.

You get between the lines of them a glimpse of the real conditions that make Russia a mystery to the outside world. In many of the remotest Russian towns the small commercial traveler, or factor, as he is called, is depended on chiefly by the natives for news of the outside world. A short time ago one of these factors arrived at the village of Piasenko, in the government of Volhynia, where he was met by an eager crowd and pestered for news. There was none to tell, but for a factor to say he has no news, in Russia, is tantamount to a declaration of the exchequer saying the country is bankrupt, so the factor—whose name was Samul—scratched his head and looked very wise. "Well," he said, finally, "it's such a piece of news as never was, and I don't know if I ought to tell it, because the exchequer man said it ought to be kept a secret."

Samul sat in his cart, blowing cigarette smoke through his nose and looking dreamily toward the west, while the crowd coaxed him to continue. At last he spoke. "You see, gentlemen," he began, "the czar, it seems, is very pleased with all the men in Volhynia. They sit quiet and don't encourage the socialists, and the czar likes that. He means to reward you, and recently sent for the exchequer man to ask what he would you'd like best. Of course he said vodka."

Free Vodka from Czar.

Here a murmur of delight interrupted him. Then he went on:

"The czar said you should have free vodka, as much as you like. He wrote it out with his own hand, and the exchequer man showed it to me. Tomorrow you must go to the crossroads that lie between this and Elizabegrad, just twelve versts away, and take all the bottles you've got. The exchequer man will be there waiting for you, and will give you as much drink as you can carry."

The whole village believed this absurd story, and nearly drank themselves dead. With vodka, the man at the kakab (inn) dealing it out gratis, because on the following day he believed he would get as much as he wanted for nothing. But, though the traveler was not forgotten, he refused to drink much, and soon hurried off to the next village, saying he had very pressing business there.

Next day all Piasenko sallied forth at the appointed hour, laden with water butts and every description of vessel they could get to carry the vodka in, fighting over utensils as though they were worth their weight in gold, and blessing the czar and the exchequer man without end. And though the village set out much too soon in the scorching sun, they found the high road blocked to choking with people from other villages. Whole regiments of carts were filled with all that might possibly hold liquid.

At first the assembled multitude waited patiently enough, but when the sun rose to its height and without a sign of the exchequer man, the thirsty peasants became angry, and accused one another of hokking. Everybody blamed his neighbor for the expedition, and nobody owned he had set out of his own free will. As the factor had doubtless expected, the meeting ended in a tremendous fight, in which the heads of one village tried to smash the heads of the inhabitants of the next and the bottles destined for vodka were broken over backs. The too-generous kakab keepers, who had dispensed free hospitality the night before, vainly strove to get their money back. Those who were not too battered to walk home that night returned sadder, but wiser men. The more seriously injured ones lay in ditches till their soreness had healed.

Samul, the factor, does not pass through Piasenko and the adjoining villages any more.

Looked for Pardon for Crime.

The credulity of the czar's subjects mingled with a half savage love of crime, provided punishment does not follow, often results in strange acts. I have just heard of a case of a young peasant boy of eighteen, who reported to the gendarmes of a village in Mohylev that his father had been murdered.

The father, a poor, old, feeble man, was found, terribly mutilated. A hatchet lay close by covered with blood. A few questions elicited the fact that the only person who had been near the dead man was his son, who ultimately admitted having killed his father. The boy's behavior during the subsequent trial was so quiet and indifferent that the judge remarked upon it. When sentenced to 20 years' exile in Siberia, (the heaviest sentence that can be imposed except under martial law) he became terribly excited, and declared that it could not possibly be true because the czar had promised to pardon him.

The lad was regarded as insane, but the police who had learned that he had gone to a fair some weeks before the murder and met a "prorok" (a kind of prophet) who had told him his future in consideration of a present of eggs. According to the wise man, the lad was under the special protection of the czar, and could do anything he liked without being punished. It, because the ruler had just issued an ukase to the effect that he would forgive all his male subjects under 21 for any crime they might commit within the following six months. The lad, who had hitherto been a quiet sort of boy, set to racking his brains as to what big crime he might commit, and his mind was not long in being meted out to him. At last he told the priest he thought of killing his father, as that seemed to him the greatest possible crime. He bore no grudge against his parent, "but," he said, "it seemed too good a chance to throw away. I planned it for a long time, as it was bound to be done with him—some of my brothers or sisters were always in the hut, and they would get no pardon from the czar, as they were all older than 21. To the very day of his starting for the mines, he hoped the czar's pardon would come, and told the priest he thought that the people entrusted with it had been killed, and that one day he would get it. If his sentence is ever shortened by a coronation, or birthday manifesto, he will certainly believe that it was the long-lost pardon coming from the czar."

Murder for Chance to Confess.

A similar case happened a week or two ago at Vilna, where there are large barracks. Attached to one of the battalions was General Bykowski, an old officer who lived in a villa surrounded by a pine wood on the outskirts of the town. One night at about 9 o'clock a policeman was on duty near the villa heard the sound of breaking glass. Picking a comrade, they examined the house, but found it

shut up and in darkness. After knocking for some time at the kitchen door they found from the cook within that she could not open because it was locked from the outside. The policemen forced the door and when they got into the general's bedroom a terrible sight met their eyes. The general lay on the bed with a broken skull and on the floor was his wife, with several wounds on her head. The latter was still conscious and able to say that the murderers were soldiers. Near the house the police found a sapper's hatchet and on the outskirts of the wood a soldier's boot, a blood-stained shirt and a regimental permission to leave, made out in the name of Nicholas Lauskin, a soldier in the Second battalion of sappers. A few minutes later Lauskin and another soldier, Lucyn, appeared in the barracks without having attempted to remove the traces of blood from their clothing. Lauskin, in reply to questions, said he had been to see his wife, who served as cook to General Bykowski, and Lucyn admitted he had also been there, because he was engaged to be married to the general's housemaid. Both men and the women were immediately arrested and confessed to having stolen 26 roubles (\$13) from the room where the murder was committed.

The quartet were tried by court-martial a few days afterward. The most remarkable part of the story is the reasons each one gave for committing the crime. Lucyn said he had behaved like a wild beast, but that he did it because he was drunk, and begged for time to confess his sins to God before he was punished. It would take a long time, he said, as he had a great many things on his conscience. He betrothed the housemaid, said she did not know why she had helped to murder her master and mistress, because they had been very good to her; she thought it was because the cook and her husband went into the room to kill them and she did not want to be left alone. The cook and Lauskin said they did it because it was near Easter time and the priests always said that whoever confesses and repents of his sins at Easter time is forgiven. They meant to go to church and confess the next day. The manner in which the soldiers left traces of their guilt and walked into the barracks a few hours after the crime is quite in keeping with their certainty that they would not be punished for their crimes. To their amazement they were all sentenced to death by hanging.

Peasant and Insurance.

One of the most curious forms in which the credulity of the Russian peasant manifests itself is his faith in the insurance agent. This man is looked upon as a great boon in the village, until there has been a fire. Adam Pysk, a well-to-do man, insured his farm buildings. One hot afternoon during a heavy storm, lightning set fire to the cow house. He made no effort to put the fire out, letting it burn until a "land guardian" (a sort of country policeman), who happened to be passing, insisted upon his doing so under pain of sending for the gendarmes. Neither did he make any effort to save his three head of cattle, one of which was suffocated, and the others burned to death.

When the agents arrived at the scene of the catastrophe, Pysk told them, with a broad smile on his face, that "had I let everything burn up because he knew the gentlemen were going to pay for it." But, as a matter of fact, he had only insured himself for \$100, whereas he had allowed the fire to destroy \$500 worth of property. It was some time before the agents could make him understand this, but he finally grasped the situation. His language was more forcible than polite. Now he goes about on market days from one friend to another, advising them not to have anything to do with insurance agents because they are thieves, first borrowing your money, and then, when you burn your stuff, refusing to give it back. Many peasants share his opinion, and one was heard to back him up by declaring: "For my part I only insured to set fire to my stuff, for what is the good of paying them money if you don't get anything out of it?" IVAN PETERHOFF.

ARMY OF ENGLISH BARMAIDS

Cousin of Marchioness of Zetland
Champions Cause of Women
in Saloons.

LONDON, Sept. 26.—(Special.)—One of the most talented and interesting of the women who are taking active part in the "Votes for Women" campaign in England at the present moment is the Countess Markievicz. The countess is a comparatively young and exceedingly pretty woman who has made herself the acknowledged leader and champion of the 20,000 and more barmaids, whose existence as such is seriously threatened by would-be reformers. She has frequently taken the public platform, both in England and in Ireland, her native country, in their defense, and being a capital speaker with a ready wit, she is popular with her audience. It was the countess who organized and was the chief speaker at the big demonstration in Trafalgar square recently on behalf of the barmaids and as a protest against their threatened wholesale dismissal.

The countess, among her other accomplishments, numbers that of being a good whip. As an ardent suffragette her contribution to the campaign of publicity, which the women's societies have been carrying on in England for some years, is to drive a four-in-hand, the coach of which is profusely decorated with banners, about the streets of the large cities. On the occasion of the big Albert Hall meeting she piloted a four-in-hand through the maze of traffic that is constantly to be found in the Strand, with a skill that excited the admiration of even the "bus drivers," a class of men who have a superlative opinion of their own superiority in the handling of the reins. The countess also made her appearance on the box of a coach at the now famous election in northwest Manchester, where Winston Churchill lost his seat. He was even the "bus drivers," a class of men who have a superlative opinion of their own superiority in the handling of the reins.

Countess Markievicz is Irish by birth, being the daughter of the late Sir William Henry Gore-Booth, Bart., of Lisadell, Sligo. She is an artist and actress and many other things rolled into one. It was while she was studying art in Julien's in Paris that she met the Polish countess, Countess Dunin de Markievicz, with whom she fell in love and whom she afterwards married. The countess's pictures have been exhibited at the Paris salon and at the Dublin academy. Her husband is also an artist and, in addition, a playwright, and it was in one of his plays that his talented wife made her first appearance on the stage.

Besides being a capital whip the countess is a fine horsewoman, and for some years was the only woman permitted to ride in the point-to-point races of the Sligo Harriers. She is very popular in Irish society, before her marriage, living with the Marquis and Marchioness of Zetland, the latter being her cousin.

Name Your Favorite.

Fortunate are the underweights, according to the insurance investigations. Mortality is lowest among persons of below standard weight, because they suffer less from heart disease, paralysis, apoplexy and Bright's disease. Pneumonia and tuberculosis afflict most severely the underweights. Select your favorite diseases and diet accordingly.—Boston Transcript.

Smart Suits For
Young Men

THE YOUNG MAN is the best judge of style. Ask a young fellow whether a suit is cut right and made right, and you can depend on getting an answer based on a full knowledge of style and good tailoring.

Our lines of young men's suits are built to withstand every criticism.

The extreme style features are carried out.

Coat cut the right length, dip front, wide, long roll collar, whole back or center vent, welt pockets, single and double breasted styles. The new fabrics, tans, olives and browns, in striped and checks, at

\$15, \$18, \$20, \$22, \$25

Our Windows are a fair example of what this store offers.

We'd be pleased to serve you.

We Make
UNIFORMS of
all descriptions.

The Berg Clothing Co.
15th & Douglas

Correct Dress
—for—
Men and Boys.

MESSAGE No. 2. HYGIENIC FIGURE-BUILDING

"BACK-RESTING" FOR MEDIUM AND SLENDER FIGURES

Nemo

"SELF-REDUCING" FOR EVERY TYPE OF STOUT WOMEN

Every Nemo Corset Does Something for You That No Other Corset Can Do

The wise woman of to-day lives hygienically. Her food is hygienic. Her home is hygienic. Her clothes are hygienic. Even her corsets bring health as well as comfort and style—if she wears the "Nemo."

Nemo Corsets Are Hygienic

If you're stout, the Nemo "Self-Reducing" Corset will give you a youthful, graceful figure, and put you as far into the "Directoire" class as any stout woman ought to go—and will make you healthier.

If you are of slender or medium form, the Nemo "Back-Reducing" Corset will give you the flat "new figure" in its perfection, relieve your backache, and bring you comfort such as you never had before—and with improved health.

No. 351 \$3.50

No. 318 \$3.00

A FEW OF THE "NEMO" HYGIENIC FEATURES—PATENTED AND EXCLUSIVE

1. Nemo Self-Reducing Straps, being firmly affixed to hooks on the front steels, give positive reduction of abdomen and permanent lines of youthful grace.
2. Nemo Relief Straps, which perfectly support the abdomen and make you comfortable.
3. Nemo Double Garters, which, being attached to the Reducing Straps, prevent the flesh from bulging out below the corset.
4. Nemo Back-Reducing Straps (in Model 851 only), which give support at the spot you need it most—the small of the back, right over one of the most important nerve-centres in the body.
5. Nemo Flattening-Back, an ingenious method of securing the utmost slenderness for every figure, with absolute comfort.

There's a Hygienic Nemo for Every Figure—Stout, Slender or Medium

NEMO BACK-RESTING CORSET No. 351. A beautiful model, for slender and medium figures. Long, sloping, clinging back, flat hip effect. The back steels cannot turn and dig into your flesh. In sizes 18 to 26 \$3.50

NEMO SELF-REDUCING CORSET "MAKE STOUT WOMEN SLENDER" The only corset ever made that positively reduces the abdomen with increased comfort and absolute hygienic safety. The new Flattening-Back models reduce both abdomen and hips, and make Princess effects possible to stout figures: Model No. 312, for tall stout women; No. 320, same model, with Flattening-Back \$3.00 Model No. 314, for short stout women; No. 318, same model, with Flattening-Back \$3.00

No. 516, mercerized brocade; tall stout; No. 518, same material; short stout \$5.00

No. 517, French coutil; tall, Flattening-Back; No. 515, French coutil, bust supporters

No. 1000—of finest imported French coutil, new triple reducing straps over hip—\$10.00

Nemo Corsets are sold in good stores throughout the world. Ask your dealer. Write us for booklet, "Hygienic Figure-Building," mailed free on request. KOPS BROS., Mfrs., Cor. 4th Avenue and 12th Street, New York.

MORPHINE TO-NIGHT

FOR KIDNEY, LIVER BLADDER AND STOMACH

Try Gold Medal Tilly-Haastem Oil

For 30 years the world's Standard Remedy. Accept no substitute. Look for the words "Genuine Tilly-Haastem Oil" blown in the bottle. In liquid form, it is the most effective. For sale by SHEPARD & MCCORMICK DRUG CO., Cor. 16th & Harney Sts., Omaha, Neb. OWL DRUG CO.

Mail Orders Filled By HAYDEN BROS., OMAHA, NEB.